

QUAKER CITY BEHIND TIMES

Statistics Show That Shoes of Philadelphians Must Frequently Lack the Proper Polish.

Philadelphia doesn't keep its shoes well polished. Washington and Boston do very much better in this particular.

A merchant who knows whereof he calculates is authority for saying the Hub buys a great deal more shoe polish than does this city of independence, and Washington surpasses the home of the baked bean.

Even without these trade statistics it would be apparent to any observer that there are more busy bootblacks in Washington and Boston than can be seen in Philadelphia. The great number of long, thin boot-shine "parlors" in those towns have no substitute here.

But Europe beats all of our towns in keeping a perennial shine on its shoes. That, I imagine, is due to the prevalence of the custom in all hostilities of having a "boots." He shines while you slumber, and I'm ready to wager that you never were able to escape from any European inn, however small, without encountering the outstretched hand of "boots."—Philadelphia Ledger.

SURGICAL WORK MADE EASIER

Anesthetizing Machines Render Possible Operations Hitherto Scarcely Deemed Worth Thinking Of.

Machines for administering ether, chloroform or other anesthetics have been devised, which make the work of the surgeon easier and safer for the patient. An improved machine is being used in several eastern hospitals which is motor-driven and seems destined not only to simplify present methods of anesthetizing, but to open a field to surgery which heretofore has been almost beyond the reach of the knife. With the new machine it is possible to maintain normal lung pressure while the chest cavity is being explored, a problem solved as a mere by-product of mechanical anesthesia, while the patient is freed from distress as the effect of the drug wears away. Gas and air, and gas and oxygen may be given in any predetermined amount supplied by this machine. Eminent surgeons believe this method of anesthesia has a wide and varied field. —Popular Mechanics.

HOPELESS.

"Better take this patient out of the observation ward and place him with the incurables," said the great alienist.

"But his hallucinations were not out of the ordinary," said the head of the insane asylum. "He imagined he was Napoleon. Why do you regard his case as hopeless?"

"He told me that he was the president of Mexico," replied the great alienist.



The only way to get the genuine **New Home** Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name **NEW HOME** on the arm and in the legs. This machine is warranted for all time. No other like it. No other as good.

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C. H. LONG, Agent, Versailles, Mo.

PAULINE WANTED HER TURN

Wasn't Exactly Sympathetic That Caused Small Girl to Make Protest to Mother.

Little Pauline lived up in the neighborhood of the Thomson school. She enjoyed a reputation of being exceedingly sympathetic, and she would weep over the delinquencies of her erring big brother, who had a weakness for tying cans on dogs' tails and "sicking" cats around the corner.

One summer she accompanied her mother, brother and a small masculine friend to the mountains and while there adopted a tiny black and white kitten. It was her constant companion, living night and day in her arms. But one morning the two boys began to amuse themselves by tossing it into a mountain rivulet that trickled before the door. One boy would give it a pitch, watch it crawl out on the bank mewing, and then the other would take a "go."

Presently Pauline fled to her mother bathed in tears. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "brother and Billy are throwing my kitten in the creek!"

The mother went out front and proceeded to deliver a lecture. But just as she got to the most impressive part her eloquence was quenched by Billy, who piped up:

"Deed, now, Aunt Ada, there ain't nothing the matter with Pauline except we did not give her any turn to throw in the kitten herself." —Washington Star.

FUTURISTS NOT IN FAVOR

Italian Audience Gave Unmistakable Evidence of Its Disapproval of the Cult.

The Florence correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt, in describing a meeting of futurists at the Teatro Verdi, in that city, says: "Long before any of the futurists appeared on the stage the large audience indulged in noisy demonstration of disapproval, using torpedoes. The tumult became greater when Marinetti, Papini, Carra, Sollier and their associates appeared. A shower of eggs, potatoes, apples and paper fell upon the artists and the noise continued for two hours. When the storm was at its height Marinetti, with coat collar upturned, stepped close to the footlights and called the people before him cowards, while Papini gathered apples from the stage floor and threw them back at the shouting people. Then the police stepped in and endeavored to quell the near-riot. A potato struck Marinetti in the eye, but, like all the others in use on the occasion, it had been boiled and did no great damage."

WEATHER SUPERSTITION.

There used to be a tradition in England that January 25 was a day which indicated the happenings of the rest of the year. In the church calendar it was the day celebrated in honor of the conversion of Saint Paul, but no one seemed to know just what relation this fact had to the weather-predicting feature of the day—although old writers think there must have been some such relation. At all events, if the weather January 25 was fair the year was expected to be prosperous. Snow and rain and fogs and cold indicated calamities of one sort or another—war and the death of much cattle among them.

QUITE TRUE.

Patience—To fold letters and insert them in envelopes I see is the purpose of a simple hand-operated machine patented by a Georgia man.

Patrice—But you never hear of any man patenting any device to remind 'em to mail 'em.

HABIT.

"Why has Jinks had the paths in his suburban place all such queer serpentine ones?"

"He had to have them that way to suit the walk he's learned in the city dodging autos and motorcycles."

About the Colored Folks

Miss Hazel Chism, of near Akinsville, was in Versailles last Tuesday.

Miss Josephine Ross returned to her studies at Maroon, Mo., last Wednesday, after a week's visit with home-folks.

Prof. Wise, of Kansas City, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. W. H. Williamson of this city.

Rev. A. E. Diggs attended commencement week with his Alma Mater at Sedalia last week.

Commencement week for Booker T. School ended with the last date Tuesday night, May 19th. Friday, "Patrons Day," consisted of a ball game, a lunch and an interesting and instructive address by Supt. Witten, of this county. Sunday, the educational sermon was delivered by Rev. McDonald, of the Baptist church. Monday night graduation exercises were held at the Baptist church. The class of 1914 was as follows: Lillian Lucile McClanahan, Sallie Leona Martin, Viola Beatrice Tuttle and Letha Vary Tuttle. Rev. Arthur E. Diggs, pastor of St. Paul M. E. Church, in absence of Pres. Garnette, in a most eloquent address, presented the diplomas to the class. Tuesday evening, the alumni banquet was held and after refreshments, consisting of ice cream and after-dinner minces, were served. A splendid program was rendered, consisting of recitations, solos and some timely addresses for the benefit of the class of 1914.

Stover Items

(From The Stover News)

Lester Koetting and Cecil Hunter of Versailles attended the Convention here Sunday.

Some of those from Versailles who attended the Sunday school convention were: Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Boyce, E. A. Crewson and wife, J. H. H. Baker, J. W. McClelland, Dr. Woods, Henry Schaper and family, Ed. Boesch and wife, Gottlieb Guenther and two sons, Mr. Abell, the lumberman, James Ensminger and Fred Monsees and wives, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Buell.

Saturday, Geo. Kaden purchased Hile Hirsch's motorcycle. Sunday he made a trip to Sedalia and returning he passengered Wm. Johnson from Cole Camp to Stover. Bill says a motorcycle beats a hand car some few!

The Stover Special District will have some grading done on the Versailles-Cole Camp road soon, by the big Versailles machine. A donation is also being made up by the enterprising farmers in the Haw Creek portion to grade there.

James M. Ferguson Dead

James M. Ferguson, an aged and highly respected citizen of this county, died at the home of his son, James, six miles southeast of Versailles Tuesday morning, May 19, of old age in his 78th year.

Deceased was an old soldier and lived in this county for many years and was a good citizen. His remains will be interred in Hopewell church cemetery today. He is survived by his son James and one daughter, Mrs. John Hubbard living three miles east of Giensted, this county.

A Bird of a Story

A current newspaper item is as follows: The wife of a Methodist minister in West Virginia was married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge; her first husband's name was Robins; her second, Sparrow; and the present is named Quale. There are now two young Robins, one Sparrow and three little Quales in the family. One of the grandfathers was a Swan and another a Jay, but he's dead now and a bird in Paradise. They lived on Hawk avenue, Canary Island, and the fellow who wrote this is a lyre bird and a relative of the family and now lives in Goose Valley, Missouri.—Ex.

The Loaded Mule

The mule he is a funny sight.

He's made of ears and dynamite, His heels are full of brick and springs, Toruadoes, battering rams and things, He's fat as any poisoned pup;

It's jest his meanness swells him up, He's always scheming 'round to do The things you most don't want him to.

The mule he lives on anything; He's got a lovely voice to sing, And when he turns it loose at noon, It sounds like buzz saws out of tune. He stands around with sleepy eye And looks as if he'd like to die, But when there's any dying done, It ain't the mule, I'll bet a bun.

Some folks don't treat mules with respect,

They say they ain't got intellect; That may be so, but if you've got To go to heaven on the spot, And want a way that doesn't fail, Just pull the tassel on his tail. The mule he tends to his own biz; He don't look loaded, but he is.

—George Fitch.

A Disagreeable Person

A colored man employed as an office boy in Kentucky came to work one morning with a face that looked as though he had been run through a meatgrinder.

"Henry," demanded his surprised employer. "What in the world has happened to you?"

"Well, suh, boss," explained Henry, "I got into a li'l argument last night wif another man and one thing led to another twell I up and hit him. Well, suh, it seemed like that irritated him. He bit both of my years mighty nigh off and split mah lip and knocked two of mah teef loose and then he th'owed me down and stamped me in de stomach. Honest, boss I never did get so sick of a pusion in mah life!" —Saturday Evening Post.

HAD COACHMAN IN CORNER

A dispute had long existed in a gentleman's family between the cook and the coachman, about bringing the cream from the farm for breakfast. Their master one morning called them 'th before him that he might hear what they had to say.

The cook pleaded that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured that he would not fetch the cream for her, though he saw she had not a moment to spare. The coachman said it was not his business.

"Very well," said the master; "but what do you call your business?"

"To take care of the horses and clean and drive the carriage," replied the coachman.

"You say right," answered the master, "and I do not expect you to do more than that for which I pay you; but this I insist upon—that every morning before breakfast you get the carriage ready and drive the cook to the farmer's for cream; and I hope that you will allow that to be part of your business." —London Tit-Bits.

PIANO CONTESTANTS:

Following is the relative standing of the piano contestants as promised in this Republican:

Ruth Wilcox, Glensted.
Grace Wright, Stover.
Marie Blackburn, Versailles.
Fern Mefford, Versailles.

J. W. McCLELLAND, LAWYER,

Abstractor,
Real Estate.
Loans and Insurance.

Room 6, Mason & Hardy Bldg.
Versailles, Mo.

This \$350 Piano



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*A Million passengers a month.

*These travelers equal in number the entire population of the several states served by the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain System.

*The number traveling daily over these lines is greater than the population of Joplin, Mo., and almost equal to the population of Springfield, Mo.

*It is the high standard of service given that has so effectively popularized the

MISSOURI PACIFIC IRON MOUNTAIN

The Great Steel Highway of the West and Southwest
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